Enter Flewellen, and Captaine Gower.

Flew. Godes plud kil tho boyes and the lugyge,
Tis the arrants peece of knauery as can be desired,
In the worell now, in your conscience now.

Gour. Tis certaine, there is not a Boy left aliue,
And the cowerdly raskals that ran from the battell,
Themselues haue done this slaughter:
Beside, they haue carried away and burnt,
All that was in the kings Tent:
Wherupon the king caused euery prisoners
Throat to be cut. O he is a worthy king.

Flew. I he was born at *Monmorth*:
Captain *Gower*, what call you the place where
Alexander the big was borne?

Gour. *Alexander* the great.

Flew. Why I pray, is nat big great?
As if I say, big or great, or magnanimous,
I hope it is all one reconing,
Saue the frase is a litle varation.

Gour. I thinke *Alexander* the great
Was borne at *Macedon*.
His father was called *Philip* of *Macedon*,
As *I* take it.

Flew. *I* thinke it was *Macedon* indeed where *Alexander*
Was borne: looke you captaine *Gower*,
And if you looke into the mappes of the worell well,
You shall finde litle difference betweene
Macedon and *Monmorth*. Looke you, there is
A Riuer in *Macedon*, and there is also a Riuer
In *Monmorth*, the Riuers name at *Monmorth*,
Is called Wye.
But tis out of my braine, what is the name of the other:
But tis all one, tis so like, as my fingers is to my fingers,
And there is Samons in both.
Looke you captaine *Gower*, and you marke it,

You